

# U. S. COAST PREY OF ENEMY; REDS CLEARED THE SEA

Invaders Crept Up in  
Night and Reached  
Delaware Bay.

## BLUE DEFENDERS ALMOST WIPE OUT

War Game Proves Anew That  
Hostile Fleet Could Easily  
Land Attacking Force.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)

Washington, Oct. 9.—For the second time in six months it has been demonstrated that a hostile fleet, even when accompanied by comparatively large invading transports, would have little trouble in making a safe landing along the Atlantic coast, despite the best efforts of the defending fleet. The fleet maneuvers which began on October 4, and ended today by the umpire's decision that the day the Red force had gained command of the sea and would be free to enter Delaware Bay by 6 o'clock this evening.

The war game was made to simulate a real attack as closely as possible, with the exception that the attacking fleet was mostly constructed, all the real fighting strength of the navy being concentrated in the defending squad-

ron battleship defenders.

Defending fleet consisted of fifteen battleships, sixteen destroyers, eight submarines, a mining division and several auxiliaries. The attacking fleet was represented by the old Brooklyn, as flagship; three destroyers and the auxiliaries.

At the beginning of the maneuvers the Blue, or defending, force was concentrated at Hampton Roads, with the knowledge that the attacking force had been "sighted" about 1,200 miles out at sea from the Cape. It had also been reported that the hostile Red fleet was escorting a large expeditionary force of troops in transports, with the intention of landing them somewhere on the Atlantic coast.

To make it even easier for the defending fleet than would be the case in real war, or, in other words, to make it possible for a smaller number of ships to guard the coast, that part of the coast from Eastport, Me., down to Key West, Fla., was considered to be open to attack.

The defending fleet at once began moving to locate the enemy, with the intention of attacking the enemy fleet and sinking or capturing the transports. From reports received up to a late hour to-night the defending fleet was self-sufficient in the attacking destroyers and almost destroyed by a night torpedo attack, which, according to the reports, "cleared the sea of effective opposition to the Red movement and enabled the Red expedition to reach the Delaware."

Triumph for Admiral Knight.

Rear Admiral Knight, who commanded the constructive attacking force, will be warmly congratulated on his strategy when he returns to Washington. Rear Admiral Fletcher, of the Iowa, was in command of the defending fleet.

One of the curious features of the maneuvers in the effort to simulate conditions which might eventuate in a real war was a "constructive" diphtheria epidemic on one of the defending battleships. This was reported to the navy department by wireless, and was at once made the disposition of the infected crew and the placing aboard of a relief crew. Another constructive report was the ramming of the Wyoming, and provisions were made for her reception in drydock at New York.

The necessity for a much larger num-

ber of ships to defend the Atlantic coast proper is believed to be the lesson drawn from the maneuvers.

## Boston Forts Foil Fleet in Three-Day Battle

Boston, Oct. 9.—This city's defenses would enable it to repulse an invading foreign fleet. This was the judgment of army observers rendered today at the conclusion of a theoretical siege.

For three days a mimic fleet had aimed shell after shell upon the harbor forts, supposedly destroying guns, and even carrying their range far enough to strike the customs house tower, the State House and City Hall, but the forces of defense still presented a formidable front, and in a blank-shot battle early to-day cannonaded the approaching battleships, crippling the fleet so badly that it was forced to retire out of range.

The guns, it was said, demonstrated that while the city would be defended the superior range of the latest naval guns over those of the land defenses would work havoc with the city proper before a fleet could be reloaded. Thirty-two companies of coast artillery were brought from Portland, Me., and Portsmouth, N. H., to man the forts.

## WILSON FAVORS BIG FUND FOR AIRCRAFT

War and Navy Departments Will  
Ask \$8,000,000 for Aeronautics.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)

Washington, Oct. 9.—Aeronautics will be a feature of the estimates of both the War and Navy departments. It was learned today. President Wilson has already approved the recommendations of Secretaries Garrison and Daniels for large appropriations for this work, and while no figures have been made public it is understood the total will approximate \$8,000,000.

Army experts were interested in reports from Paris to-day of a new fleet of gigantic battle planes in the French army. The construction of this type of aeroplane has been under consideration at the War Department for some time, and it is expected one or more of the machines will be constructed for experimental purposes next year. The craft carry two 8-inch guns, are protected against self fire, and can accommodate a crew of ten or twelve men. If the experiment is successful it is proposed to build a fleet of battle planes capable of working great destruction.

The appropriations for aeronautics last year totalled only \$1,500,000, of which \$1,000,000 went to the Navy Department. Experts say these sums are extremely inadequate. The European war has proved the effectiveness of aircraft, army officers declare, and has demonstrated that any nation not adequately equipped in this arm is at a great disadvantage.

## Prisoners to Observe Sunday.

Paris, Oct. 9.—Pope Benedict has been successful, the "Matin" declares, in his efforts to obtain from belligerent governments a pledge that prisoners of war will be permitted to abstain from work on Sundays.

## Autos Lusitania Memorials.

Liverpool, Oct. 9.—Two motor ambulances, the gift of the staffs of the Cunard company, in England and the United States, in memory of the Lusitania victims, were dedicated today by the Bishop of London to the Serbian Red Cross.

## Fear Marched with Germans Retreating from the Marne

"Victory in Our Hands When Order to Fall Back Came," Wrote Soldier—Enemy Always Seemed To Be Pressing Near with Death.

(Special Correspondence to The Tribune.)

Paris, Sept. 22.—How the retreat after the battle of the Marne was viewed by the German troops is shown by the following description written by a member of the 78th Infantry, which was part of the division ordered to cover the retreat. The soldier who wrote it was killed recently in the Champagne and this description was found in his diary. He tells of a night passed at Montmort on the Surlin-

one of the tributaries of the Marne, and not far from Champaubert and the marshes of Saint-Gond. He says:

"For three days and nights the battle raged, the earth trembled under the feet of the horses, the great guns boomed incessantly and the soil drank avidly the red blood. Victory seemed in our hands, when the order came to retreat. Nearly all our munitions, shells and grenades were gone and the precious blood had been spilled in vain.

"The retreat! Already we had the enemy in our hands, the needed munitions would come, and yet the retreat was ordered. Excellency, behind you there is nothing to be gained. And yet you give up just on the point of achieving all.

"Our great masses had carried all before them. We were on the point of taking Paris, when suddenly all was changed. In the fading light of evening one saw an army from which victory had been torn. The night came with all its horrors, and we were ordered to cover the retreat. We camped under the heights of Montmort.

"To-day still that name resounds in my ears. Montmort! The word evokes a putrid odor. It makes me think of the tomb and the winding sheets of the dead. Since that night I have seen many things, but the name of Montmort I will never forget.

"The sun, red as blood, declined in the heavens, and before us, never ceasing, monotonously, passed in the shadows the crowd of men and wagons. Then all became silent. At some far point in the blackness I heard the shoen of a horse strike a stone in the road. The commands of the officers came like whispers on the breeze. The thin light of the moon shone on deserted roads, and we remained alone in face of the enemy.

"With our arms in our hands we camped in the night, and my officer murmured low in my ear: 'Now you understand, do you not, that we are lost.'

"Patrols came and went very near us. This enemy must be there, and more than one among us whispered in the agony of his heart: 'Now thy last hour has come.'

"Yes, that is what we all thought. And nevertheless our fingers rested ready on the triggers of our rifles, while the Comrade Death seized us with his cold and bony hand.

"Our orders were to stay, and we must remain there until the morning broke. The battle of the Marne was not far distant, but our brothers were safe. We must remain, our arms in our hands. From time to time the tiny noise of a far-away rifle shot came to us. The rain fell with out sound, our tired limbs shook with cold, each minute seemed an eternity, and our thoughts travelled far, over the mountains and the valleys, regardless of time and space, and lost themselves in sweet dreams.

"At last the morning broke, the cocks crowed, and there was no sign of the enemy. One dared after a little to whisper to himself: 'Perhaps our last hour has not come.'

"The guard was relieved, the order was given, 'Shoulder arms!' and with a loss of time we took the road, and Montmort was lost in the mists of the morning.

"Since then I have seen many things, but the name of Montmort I will never forget."

## RAIN ALWAYS WELCOME AS ANTI-GERMAN ALLY

Londoners Know That Zeppelins Will Not Venture  
Out in Thick Weather—"Lights Out"

Order Hits Gas Companies.

London, Sept. 15.—The old nursery rhyme,

"Rain, rain, go away;  
Come again another day,  
All wrong—all wrong, in the opinion of the naturally festive Londoner. The old couplet has been revised into something like this:

"Rain, rain, every day;  
Keep the Zeppelins away."  
There are no acorns when the heavens weep, these days. Tormentors as welcome as the flowers in May, or any other month, for that matter. If the weather man can grind out a storm, his praises are sung from west to east. Pines and motor parties may go hang, if it will only rain or blow, or both.

The stolid Britisher scans the skies when he goes to his office in the morning. He cocks his weather eye upward when he journeys to his lunch. In the afternoon, about 5, he stands at the window with telescope in hand, while he estimates the velocity of the wind by watching the flags stiffen from the puffing breeze from then on he generally sits and waits—just waits—until the hour when he feels it is safe to retire without the prospect of scrambling from his warm bed to duck bombs.

Of course, nobody imagines that he is going to be hit, and nobody really is afraid, but the bally things get on one's nerves if they chance to come close, and it just as well not to have them around.

The effects of Count Zeppelin's exploits are many and unique. Also, most of them are far from serious. Most London dwellers will be kept weather prophets after the war is over, and that is bound to help some. You see, when it storms the Zeps stay in their cozy hangars, and England recoiles.

There is another advantage to be gleaned from the Zeppelin menace—that is, for the public. Fancy the saving of gas and electric light bills when a whole family contents itself with a tiny pencil of light from a single reading lamp, or, in some cases, with a lowly candle. Picture, too, the lighting company magnates muttering "Gott strafe the Zeppelins." Thus it seems that the count is losing on both sides and in the middle and laying up more hatred for himself than all the fiery German writers could express in a month.

The restaurant proprietors are doing a little "cussing" on their own account. Gone are those ancient supper parties when the after-theatre throngs overran their places pleading to be allowed to spend their gold for choice viands and vintage wines. Nobody wants to have a 300-pound bomb drop in his soup, and, anyway, no alcoholic drinks are permitted to be sold after 10 o'clock.

Even the theatres are taking official notice of the wave of Zeppelinitis that has swept over the country. To-day announcements have been posted by several that hereafter the evening performances will begin at 7 o'clock and close at 9:40. The managers do not want to have their houses full if a bomb should drop on them, nor do they hanker after the panic that might result if the explosives should land in the vicinity.

Night automobile parties have lost their joy. What can be more deadly than creeping over a darkened road with only the small sidelights flickering between you and a collision? That feature makes the Czars of the garages shed bitter tears, but what can they do about it? Answer—nothing, except turn their lights down.

Some of the poor unsophisticated foreigners regularly spend sovereigns for spectacles merely because their sense of feel has not been developed and they can't see by the ghost-like glow that filters through the paint-smeared street lamps. All they really can be sure of is that the lamp is there. The authorities rendered some little aid when they made the pound notes larger than those of the ten-shilling denomination.

Probably the most dangerous thing in the world—next to holding a bomb with the bare hands—would be to take a pocket flashlight to a prominent roof and work out "I love you" or something else in the Morse code. If the perpetrator was not torn to pieces before the police rescued him, doubtless he would be landed with chains, cast into a dungeon and shot at sunrise the next morning.

And so it goes. "Lights out!" is the slogan, and the Londoner goes home early. But not to bed! Oh, no! On his way he gathers in an armful of evening papers, and the stroke of midnight finds him tucked away in a corner of his den, smoking his pipe, and poring over the three centred lines that tell the story of the last raid.

No inhabitant is surprised if at a total stranger telephones him at 10 o'clock at night, with a request to "please shut off that light in your dining room window." Usually it is wise to comply for the police stations daily are flooded with complaints that "so and so must be a German spy because he shows a bright light every night and sometimes two. He must be signalling to the Zeppelins."

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## TRUST PREYS ON BRITISH SMOKERS

Public Angry and Threats to  
Swear Off Are Heard—Tea  
Costs More.

London, Sept. 30.—The new budget, with its tariff innovations, to which the free traders acquiesced quite willingly at first, has developed a strong opposition to further tariff change and even to some already decided on.

The new tobacco and tea tax is held up by the Liberal organs as an object lesson in the effects of protection. There has always been a duty tax on these articles, simply as a means of raising revenue. Tea and tobacco are both controlled by trusts.

In anticipation of budget changes the tea and tobacco importers, who always keep an immense stock on hand, had been importing stocks to last for years. With the first rumors of the new budget they began to take their goods out of bond.

Under the new budget the duty on tea was increased eight cents a pound and tobacco a bit under three cents an ounce. But the day following the reading of the new budget in Parliament the Tobacco Trust announced a new scale for retailers, advancing the price of pipe tobacco four cents an ounce, while cigarettes were put up about 25 per cent a pack, which was part of an ounce. A three-penny pack now costs four pence. Most firms charge four cents extra on a pack of ten cigarettes, which run twelve to the half-ounce.

The new budget, the free traders point out, simply gave the trusts a chance to shove up the prices of stocks already held in the limit of the new tariff wall. They will pocket millions of dollars that should have gone to the government. Perhaps it will be years in some cases before the wholesaler begins to pay duty.

Tea is controlled by a few big firms who act in harmony. These firms control a system of tea shops—clean restaurants, corresponding to the coffee

houses in America—reaching all over England. These firms ordinarily sell tea at four cents a cup, but have now raised the price to five cents.

The very Tobacco Trust which is arousing so much indignation among the people, even to the extent of raising some to swear off smoking, met public support when first established. The American Tobacco Trust some years ago threatened to invade the kingdom. Thereupon the British public rallied to the defence of the British sellers, who established a defensive organization. This defensive league is now made an offensive league against the British public.

## AMERICAN PHYSICIAN DIES IN FRANCE

Dr. Charles Cross Succumbs to  
Injuries Received in Crash.

(By Cable to The Tribune.)

Paris, Oct. 9.—Dr. Charles R. Cross, of Brookline, Mass., who broke his back in an automobile accident near Dinard on October 6, died yesterday in the military hospital at Dinard.

Russell Greeley, of Boston, who had his hip broken in the same accident, is still in the hospital at Dinard, and is progressing favorably.

Dr. Cross recently served under Dr. Strong in the Red Cross work in Serbia. Then he came to Paris, and, with Mr. Greeley, who is a portrait painter, entered the relief work conducted by Mrs. Robert Bliss, wife of the first secretary of the American Embassy. They were taking supplies by automobile to the military hospital at Dinard when a sheepdog ran across the road and, in trying to avoid the dog, the car was overturned, and both men, who were alone in the machine, were pinned under it. They were under the car an hour before they were discovered, unconscious. They were taken as patients to the hospital to which they had been carrying supplies, and the supplies they carried were used to treat them.

The embassy calls special attention to the kindness of the military authorities, and says everything possible was done for the two Americans.

## CANADA'S LEAVEN SAPPED BY WAR

Blight, Like Offspring of Civil  
Strife Here, Foreseen in  
Loss of Young Men.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.)

Toronto, Oct. 9.—In the good old days before August 1, 1914, Canadian peace orators used to cite the blighting influences of war. If, they said, commercialism and dollar chasing in the '80's were rampant in the United States; if politics was corrupt and graft brazen, the explanation was to be found in the fact that so many of the high-spirited young men of the time went to their graves leaving no issue to leaven with high ideals the succeeding generation.

To-day Canada is losing her high-spirited young men by the score. The great loss to the nation is not fully appreciated at the moment. But the national life of the country fifteen years from now will be sure to suffer.

Every club keeps posted a roll of honor comprising the names of members who have died in active service. In the older men's clubs this list is not comprehensive; it contains not more than two or three names. But in the younger men's organizations—in the yacht or rowing or university clubs—the lists are running into scores.

Here is a typical list from the notice board of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto: Major G. M. Higinbotham, Captain Trumbull Warren, Captain G. H. Muntz, Lieutenant W. D. Jarvis, Lieutenant A. D. Kirkpatrick, Captain G. C. Ryerson, Lieutenant W. Leslie Gordon, Lieutenant F. Ross Medland, Lieutenant Gavin I. Langmuir and George R. Copping (drowned on the Lusitania).

These all represent the type of man Canada can ill afford to lose. With the exception of Higinbotham, a prominent amateur sportsman, none of them

had more than entered their thirties. Trumbull Warren, at twenty-nine, had succeeded his father in the presidency of the Gutta Percha Rubber Company, a large industrial corporation, and had already made a name for himself in philanthropy.

Captain George B. Ryerson, son of Dr. Ryerson, head of the Red Cross in Canada, and only a few years out of college, was making good in the business world. His brother was wounded in the same fight and his mother was a Lusitania victim.

Lieutenant Jarvis, son of a manufacturer and capitalist, had established a reputation as a yachtman. Lieutenant Langmuir, a youth of high talents, was son of the head of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. Kirkpatrick, Gordon, Medland, Muntz—all were in the forefront of Toronto's younger set.

No home in the land has been harder hit than Government House. With her own hands, the Princess Patricia worked colors for the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, a hastily organized battalion of British reservists in Canada, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Farquhar, the Duke of Connaught's military secretary. To-day Colonel Farquhar is dead and probably only a score of the original battalion of one thousand men are sound.

Total Canadian casualties are now approximately as follows: Killed, 2,000; wounded, 7,000; prisoners, 2,000.

It is frequently asserted that the Canadian-born are not enlisting. Estimates of the British-born in the first contingent, where most of the casualties to date have occurred, run as high as 80 per cent.

## Greek Queen Sees Relief Envoy.

Athens, Oct. 8.—Queen Sophie to-day talked for two hours with William H. Hamilton, of New York, representing the American Mercy and Relief Committee, concerning the relief of Greek refugees from Turkish territories. About 300,000 refugees have found asylum in Greece, and the Queen is directing the work of caring for them.

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